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# The Furnace-Road Grocer

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## THE FURNACE-ROAD GROCER.

TUNE. GE O. DOBBIN.

Above Longton new church 'twixt it and the Mear,  
Lives a small dwarfish fellow whose legs are quite queer,  
And this is the reason I'll venture to say,  
Why Jemmy can't act in an upwright straight way.

Now Jemmy's affairs did not go on quite straight,  
Though he pinch'd all the crusts made the bacon short weight  
He lapp'd up the sugar an ounce from each pound.  
And as for the coffee 'twas burnt bread well ground.

Now to cut a great swell and look stylish in trade  
He put up a bow window for which he ne'er paid,  
And the gossips have hinted who live in the street,  
Theres another bow window he's put up at night.

When his wife for her health to the country was gone,  
The idea was so awful of sleeping alone,  
So he coaxed her sister quite cosey to lie,  
By a promise of marriage when Misses should die,

But hard times coming on Jem was on the wrong track.  
And most sadly afraid of being thrown on his back,  
So he hatch'd on a plan he oft hatch'd on before,  
And the name of his brother soon grac'd his shop door.

Next morning the neighbours with faces of dread,  
Found Jem and his name from the shop both had fled,  
And the tale to his creditors quickly went round,  
How he paid off his debts not a farthing i'th pound.

Now the Goods were put up and by Jobney bought in,  
Thus they did all the creditors out of their tin,  
Yet what was more strange the whole stock-in-trade,  
Was knock'd down to John but no money was paid.

Eighteenpence an old fiddle a cupboard a crown,  
A box of new pipes was for threepence knock'd down,  
Some dozens of sugar and 2 sacks of Flour,  
And other odd things which would last me an hour.

So the Birmingham Court and the London Gazette,  
May all kiss my behind for I've diddled the set,  
And now the sale's over a new sign I'll put,  
Over the bow window of a new stylish cut.

So you bankrupts and diddlers try all you can,  
Old Crooked leg'd Jemmy has found out a plan,  
And his trade still pursues with old stock and new sign.  
Like a good honest tradesman i'th Grocery line.



## THE SPOTTED COW.

One morning in the month of may,  
As from my cot I stray'd,  
Just at the dawning of the day,  
I met a charming maid.

Good morning fair maid, wither said I  
So earley, tell me now  
The maid reply'd, kind sir she cry'd,  
I've lost my spotted cow.

No more complain, no longer mourn  
Your cow's not lost, my dear,  
I saw her down in yonder lawn,  
Come love and I'll shew you were

I must confess you are very kind,  
I thank you sir said she,  
You will be sure her there to find  
Come sweetheart go with me.

Then to the groves we did repair,  
And crossed the flowery dale,  
We begged and kissed each other,  
And love was all our tale.

And in the grove we spent the day  
And thought it sassed so soon  
At night we homeward bent our way  
When brightly shone the moon

If I should cross the flowry dale  
Or go to view the plough,  
She comes and calls ye gentles  
I've lost my spotted cow.